

## Iron County Register

BY E. D. AKE.

BRONTON, MISSOURI.

### SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

With thoughts that transiently incline  
And woe-begone and rueful face,  
A school-boy slung across his back,  
To school he creeps with snail-like pace,  
Quite sure no toiling galleon slave  
Is linked to such a dreadful fate  
As this which compasses about  
This martyr of the book and slate.

Alas, perhaps in years to come  
This little life's trial he will find  
The weary man of trade will wish  
The school-boy days were back again!  
He'd hail with joy their glad return,  
And deem himself by fortune blessed,  
In parties, verbs and nouns  
No greater care his mind possessed.

The statesman whom the world admires  
For eloquence and intellect,  
Worn-out and gray with public care,  
May for a moment recollect  
The old frame school-house in the lane,  
The mill-pond and the shaded stream,  
And sigh to think that boyhood's days  
Are now to him a faded dream.

Are pampered with the sweets of life,  
This wealth has on his pathway poured,  
Permeate the cushions may he  
Wallow in his banquet board,  
A care-free, life-secure lad,  
With water and sparkling eyes,  
Investing hoarded coppers in  
Aunt Martha Jones' home-made pies,  
Oh, martyr of the book and slate!  
We poor, weak mortals never know  
The sweetest hours of our life  
Until they join the long ago;  
And as we peer into the past,  
Our tangled roads and tortuous ways,  
Warm in the heart and moist the eye  
In memory of our golden days.

—E. D. Ake, in Golden Days.

### A BRITON'S REVENGE.

Captain Dobson's Way of "Getting Even" with a Pirate.

That good brig, the Mary Jane, of Sunderland—of which vessel I had the honor to be second mate—having duly delivered her cargo of coals at the Austrian port Trieste, departed thence in ballast, and shaped her course for Taganrog, a Russian port on the Sea of Azov. This summer Taganrog is a pretty large town and a famous grain port. The worst of it is, however, that during at least two-thirds of the year it is frozen up, so that such vessels as arrive there late in the season run a great risk of becoming ice-bound during the whole of the long and dreary winter.

The Mary Jane did not grapple to Azof mud until the third or fourth of October, and at the end of that month the ice generally begins to set in. We lay, with other vessels, at a distance of twenty miles from the shore. In fact, Taganrog itself was not in sight, and we only knew of her position by seeing all along the coast, far as the eye could reach, the various craft moored here and there about the extended anchorage. The position of the port was indicated by the lighthouse on a nasty reef of rocks, and by a range of high hills in its immediate vicinity, though, as a rule, the great extent of shallow water terminated at an almost level beach of low, muddy, marshy land.

Our captain was a tall, hot-tempered, sanguine-complexioned Yorkshireman, and being a thoroughly honest and capable fellow, he had been selected for his own the Mary Jane himself.

M. Petropolsky, the gentleman referred to, lived in a large house, in a street with a perfectly unpronounceable, even unspellable name, which formed the seaward view of Taganrog. Large, flat lighters are used to load the shipping at the distant anchorage, and half-a-dozen of them had brought up to half our vessel when the captain came on, and for one whole day no signs of a lighter could be seen. This made the captain mighty wroth, and at daylight on the following morn he came into my berth, roused me from my sleep, and roared rather than said: "Come, turn out, Mister! Get the long-boat rigged, and ready for a trip to the shore. Not a lighter in sight. That infernal son of a sea-cook of an agent means to have us frozen in here—he does, sir, by Jehosophat, he does!"

In response to my commander's hail, I quickly sprang from my narrow little bunk, was dressed in a few moments, and then set to work at executing his orders. In a vessel such as the Mary Jane there are seldom more than a dozen men, so only a boy could be spared to join me in compassing the long-boat's crew. The hands looked rather doubtful and surprised when I turned them out to get the boat alongside, make ready her sails, fill up her water-buckets, and stow a small supply of provisions in the stern sheets, for the weather had a very lowering and threatening appearance.

However, I knew that nothing could shake the "old man's" determination when once he had made up his mind. So I did not say a thing, but quietly put a couple of life-buoys in the boat.

After snatching a hurried breakfast, the captain, myself, and the boy entered the boat, made sail and set off for the shore.

During the last two or three days it had been blowing a pretty heavy gale, but since the last sunset the wind had greatly moderated, and the sea had gone down. So, in spite of the threatening appearance, we made rapid progress before a stiff, fair breeze. As we passed the lighthouse at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile, it was with no little astonishment that we beheld a female form upon the balcony at its summit, gazing out upon the storm, with her long hair streaming on the blast. However, the old gray lighthouse and its strange tenant were soon out of sight astern. In less than four hours we were safe alongside the quay, and Captain Dobson rushed fiercely toward the unhappy agent's home. Scarcely, however, had he stepped ashore, when down came the full fury of the gale, and did his worst, reveling in the lightning and thunder, the furious blast and the angry sea.

Toward evening the gale began to moderate, and the aspect of the heavens was such as to indicate that

it would soon subside into a snow storm.

In spite of the agent's urgent entreaties that he would not venture out in the gale, Captain Dobson took his place in the long-boat and commanded me to shove off from the quay and make sail. He had transacted his business with the agent and was naturally anxious to get back in charge of his ship before worse weather might place her in danger.

It was bitterly cold; the salt spray kept dashing and beating upon us heavily, and it was terribly hard work beating up and handling the heavy long-boat against both wind and sea. As the darkness enveloped, it grew yet colder, while the wind gradually fell, and by the time we had made half the distance to the brave old Mary Jane, the snow came on, and we could no longer find our way for the different vessels became hidden in the whirling, eddying, thickly-packed, pure white flakes that fell so densely, so gently, and with such inexhaustible determination. As it was now impossible to find our vessel, all that we could hope to do was to see some other craft, on board of which we might obtain shelter for the night, or until the snow storm had sufficiently abated to permit our proceeding, in quest of the Mary Jane.

Blinded by the driving spray and the thickly falling snow-flakes, for nearly an hour we drove wildly on at the mercy of the winds and water, when suddenly the boy, whom I had placed on the lee side to keep a lookout, cried: "There's a vessel to loo'ard, sir. Here, we're close aboard her!"

"Slack away the halyards!" roared the captain, as he pushed the tiller over and lifted up head to wind. I did so, and, as the sail came down, saw that we were close aboard a small vessel, of which, in another two minutes, had we held our course, we should have been right athwart her, when in all probability the boat would have been capsized either upon her cable or upon her bows, and we should have found a damp grave at the bottom of the Azof Sea.

Before getting alongside the Xebec Captain Dobson hailed her several times in tones sufficiently stentorian to have awakened Rip Van Winkle, and at length managed to elicit a reply from the drowsy fellow on anchor watch; but his words were of some strange, unknown tongue, so that we were unable to tell whether he gave us permission to come alongside or bade us keep off.

In spite of our lost and uncomfortable position I felt a strange and unaccountable aversion to take shelter on board the foreigner. Besides the unknown language and the lookout man's reply had sounded harsh and disagreeable. By the faint light of a lantern, held close to our face, we were enabled to scan the very ill-favored features of the lookout man and his captain; the latter having, I suppose, been called on deck to receive us. They were swarthy, black-muzzled, villainous-looking fellows, especially the captain, who scowled at us beneath his beetle brows, and made not the slightest attempt to treat us with the hospitality which he might have shown as a dispensable custom at Taganrog, all vessels treating kindly the crews of such boats as, from the extent of the anchorage and distance to the shore, frequently become belated either by night or bad weather.

By using what few words I chanced to know of that strange jargon, the "lingua franca" of the Mediterranean, I ascertained that our inhospitable interlocutors were Greeks. So much for the modern representatives of glorious and classic ground!

We were marched aft, then the Greek captain, who had been on the lookout over his vessel's wheel (an edifice in which Greek and Italian craft do largely rejoice). From the gesticulation to which we were treated, we derived the information that we could sleep there. We entered, and were left in total darkness, for the ill-natured and unsailor-like lubbers would not even leave their miserable lanterns with us; but by aid of my own eyes and their reasons for not doing so. Stumbling over small sails, coils of rope, swabs, brooms, buckets, and such like varied ship's paraphernalia, we seated ourselves in the dark, and munched the beef and biscuit, and drank the cold water that we had brought up out of the boat. Within half an hour the loud, healthy, trumpet-like snoring of my captain, and the soft, regular respiration of the boy, told me that my companions were fast and sound asleep.

As for myself, I could not close my eyes. Of a naturally restless disposition, my wakefulness was this night increased by the indefinite suspicion or presentiment with which I had been possessed. Moreover, I had noticed the keen glances darted by the Greek captain at the large "ditty-bag" (a canvas bag in which a sailor keeps his own tools, marlin-spike, serving-mallet, sail-making implements, etc.) carried by our rough, unpretending, old-fashioned captain in place of a more pretentious carpet-bag or valise. I knew that on this occasion, among other things, the "ditty-bag" contained a pretty large sum of money, the skipper having obtained sufficient from the agent to find all hands in funds for a couple of days' liberty ashore. I could not help wondering whether the Greek divined its contents. He must have noticed that it seemed heavy, and that our "old man" took particular care of its "besides. It was a common thing for captains to be retreating on board their vessels with money from the shore. Then, again, I well knew the particularly unscrupulous nature of these modern Grecian mariners, many of whom either have been, or intend to be, pirates about the Archipelago. This knowledge, combined with my suspicions, and the gloomy effect of natural causes, gave me a premonitory sort of information and intelligence, which told my excited senses plainly enough that we were to be robbed, if not murdered.

I know now how long a time had elapsed during these gloomy forebodings for they did not keep the bell going on board the Greek, when, on a sudden, I became aware that the door of the round-house was being opened. Softly and stealthily it moved, and, as the opening became larger and larger, I perceived that the weather had cleared, for the moonlight plainly showed me the dark shadows of several men.

Slowly, inch by inch, the frail wooden thing that separated us from these midnight robbers was removed, though every now and then a stoppage occurred, as I saw the shadow nearest the door bend down in a listening attitude. No doubt convinced by our snoring and heavy breathing (for I now shamed sleep myself), the man at the door swung it quite open. Just then a ray of moonlight glittered like a streak of fire upon something in his hand.

Softly and silently I put one hand behind me and felt for a weapon with which to defend myself. But nothing could I find; my hand came in contact with nothing but coils of rope. And now my heart was beating and palpitating with great heaves and throbs that could be heard, for the intruder was coming toward me, knife in hand, and I dare not obey the promptings of fear by springing up to confront him, for I had to endure the terrible suspense of remaining perfectly still and quiet, shunning sleep, when I knew not whether the next instant would find his knife in my heart or merely his hand in my pocket. Fortunately I had self-possession enough both to know that the latter was by far his most likely intention, and to remain perfectly quiet whilst waiting for the proof; but it was terrible work, and I felt the great beads of perspiration rolling down my forehead, cold as I had been but a few moments before, whilst every nerve thrilled with a keen and exquisite sense of mental agony. Never, as long as I live, can be forgotten the feelings that I experienced during that long, long moment.

With a powerful effort I managed to restrain the almost irrepressible shudder that began to creep over my flesh as I felt the hands of the secret enemy upon me.

I knew now why the wretches had refused to leave a lantern with us—they feared that it might keep us awake.

By the faint light of the moon I had seen the dark form of the Greek captain bending over me, holding a long and formidable poniard between his teeth, whilst with the adroitness of a practiced thief, he softly, almost imperceptibly, and rapidly, ran his hands over my clothes and pockets.

The pale light in the place contrasted with the lurid glare of the Greek's fierce black eyes. It was a dark, swarthy, ill-favored face, and its cruel, ruthless expression told how little compassion its possessor would have had in cutting our throats.

The tremor of my limbs, as I violently repressed the inclination to shudder, perhaps startled him, for with one hand he suddenly snatched his poniard, and held the point within an inch of my throat, whilst with the other, abstractedly, all the wealth about me—sum of five hundred.

Then the infernal scoundrel passed on to the boy, found nothing there, and crept upon our captain.

The head of the "old man" had slipped off his pillow—the "ditty-bag," into which the plunderer's hands were quickly thrust. He was there but one moment, then stepped quickly back, sprang lightly over me, and was out of the round-house, the metallic clink as he went telling that he had obtained the money.

I waited some time, perhaps an hour, then went on deck. It was a fine night now. The moon was high and bright in the heavens, and a leading wind blew from our vessel and the shore was blowing fresh and steady. I went forward to the Greek on anchor-watch, got him to help me, and hauled the long boat alongside. Then I went back to the round-house, awakened the boy and captain, told the latter of the change in the weather, and hurried him into the boat without giving him time to search his bag, which was carefully deposited in the stern-sheets, minus the cash for which all the care was taken.

I waited until the Greek Xebec was out of sight, and we were within half a mile of the good old Mary Jane, before telling the captain of my loss.

At first he was furious, and repeatedly called upon the name of Jehosophat in vain, but he soon agreed that by keeping quiet I had saved our lives, though he called upon the above-mentioned ancient Bible King to witness as oath that he would recover the money from the Greek robber.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when we crossed our vessel's gangway.

"Call all hands, sir!" said Captain Dobson, the moment we touched her decks.

The men, astonished at so unexpected a summons, came running aft in every style of deshabille.

In a few and forcible words their commander told them of his loss, and called upon them to support him in taking the law into his own hands and recovering the money.

plied the skipper. "Let us try, anyhow."

It was with some difficulty that we managed to effect a landing upon the rock on which the lighthouse stood; this accomplished, we at last succeeded in making the inmates hear us. A door about twelve feet above us was opened, and a slight wooden ladder being passed down, we were enabled to enter the building and make inquiries.

The female, whom we had seen reveling in absorbed contemplation of the storm and tempest, proved to be the only daughter and companion of the old Greek mariner installed as keeper of the lighthouse. She was a handsome young woman, with pale, classic features, long raven hair, and deep-black, dreamy eyes. Very fortunately we found that she had seen the Xebec heave up her anchor and move toward the creek inshore. The old man refused to leave his post, but his bright-eyed daughter, in the broken "lingua franca," volunteered to guide us. Her offer was at once eagerly accepted by our "old man," who, however, seemed to have become dazed, as it were, in her presence. The rough sea had not often been brought into contact with such feminine beauty. Although her father seemed rather doubtful and uneasy, our solemn assurances and the promise of a large reward pacified him and obtained his consent. Descending to our boat, the young woman guided us to the mouth of a small creek at the southern extremity of the bay, and there, sure enough, close in under the tall rushes of the bank, lay the object of our chase. There was no fear of any mistake, for I had taken particular notice of several peculiarities in her build and rig.

"Now, then, my lads, are your arms all loaded, capped and ready?" asked the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," came the response; and the click, clicking of musket and pistol locks followed, while cutlasses were unsheathed and gripped by heavy hands.

"Luff up, then, Mister Leachine; luff up, and run her aboard," cried the "old man" to our mate, who was at the tiller.

As we closed with the brig, he continued: "Now, then, my hearties, don't forget what you are to do. Directly we get alongside, I and the second mate will make for the cabin, while all the rest of you—except Joe, who will remain in the boat and make her fast and take care of the young woman—spring aboard the pirate, form a line across her decks about the mainmast, and keep her crew from coming aft. Mr. Leachine will command you."

The next moment we bumped alongside and were scrambling over the Greek's low bulwarks.

The cordon was drawn across her decks, then I, the captain and one of our men, who spoke Italian, entered her cabin, pistol and cutlass in hand.

As we did so a figure sprang from the port stateroom and fired a pistol full in our faces.

"Cut him down, boys, cut him down!" roared the skipper, whose go-ashore had been mortally wounded by the ball.

I was nearest to our assailant, and before he could re-enter the berth from which he had appeared, I disabled him with a pretty cut on the right shoulder, and then tumbled him over by dashing the hilt of my cutlass against his forehead.

At the same moment Captain Dobson entered the starboard or right-hand berth—in every vessel that of her commander—and caught sight of the Greek skipper just getting up, aroused from his sleep by the noise, and attempting to hide the proceeds of the robbery he had committed earlier in the evening.

The unfortunate wretch had just withdrawn the swollen leather bag from underneath his pillow, when the iron grip of our "old man" was upon him. He made a vain effort to get at his long knife, but Captain Dobson took care of that. Then, first securing his lost money in one of his capacious pockets, he seized the Greek by the nape of the neck and the hinder part of his scanty clothing, and so ran him up the cabin stairs on deck.

"Philae-cep!" cried the piratical Grecian, as he was swiftly and unpleasantly through his cabin.

But his cry for help only elicited an inglorious groan, for "Philae-cep," his mate, was lying somewhere under the cabin table, holding on to his wounded arm.

An extraordinary scene took place when we got on deck again. Handing over his victim for me to hold until he was ready, Captain Dobson stripped off his upper clothing, gave the bag of money into our mate's charge, and then told our man, who spoke Italian, to tell the Greek to stand up and defend himself.

The fellow understood what was required of him well enough, and his black eyes glared furiously as his right hand instinctively made futile movements to where, no doubt, he usually carried the formidable stiletto, now safely stowed away in one of his enemy's pockets.

"Come on, you parley-wo, long-shore son of a sea-cook!" yelled our "old man." "Come on, will you, you murdering, piratical, inhospitable lubber! You come on, till I take satisfaction out of your black, ugly, skulking carcass!"

As our skipper squared up to him the wretched Grecian cast a glance to where his crew were held completely at bay by the gleaming weapons of our men, then he sprang upon his antagonist, endeavoring to dash one fist in his face and seize him by the throat with his other hand.

The poor wretch's pugilistic knowledge was sadly at fault, and he received a sound thrashing. He lay still at last; all resistance had been knocked out of him.

"Well, you plundering foreign vagabond, I've given you fair play," said the "old man"; "now I'll teach you to beware of interfering with a British skipper again, for you're not going to dodge punishment by lying down like that. Here, Jack, pass me the end of that main-brace."

Dear, dear, what a rope-ending that Grecian skipper did receive! He

must have been black, blue, and tender for a couple of months at least. Such a terrible flagellation I never saw before or after. He was almost naked too!

At last Captain Dobson was satisfied, and ordered us into the boat. Before daylight we were safely on board the Mary Jane, and things settled down again as though such an adventure had never occurred.

Within a week we were loaded and under weigh for Liverpool, having heard no more of the affair. The Greek captain, no doubt, had good reason for not going to the authorities on shore. As the brig was his own property, Captain Dobson was able to take her where he pleased, and I have heard that he went back to Taganrog more than once after the incident described; there was a great and unusual attraction at that gray old lighthouse. I have heard, too, that a Russian Finn is keeper of it now, and that its former master, with his dark-eyed daughter leaning between him and a stalwart, fair-haired mariner, has been seen on board a certain British brig. Well, she was a good-looking girl. No wonder old Dobson thought it a capital opportunity to take a partner in the Mary Jane. To see her in her smart native dress, which gave, perhaps, grandeur to a perfect figure, would have gone far to captivate a much more practised ladies' man than Captain Dobson. —N. Y. World.

### GORGONA MONKEYS.

How the Greedy Little Pests Are Captured by the Panama Hunters.

A gentleman who returned recently from Aspinwall tells the following curious story of the manner in which the natives of the interior of the Isthmus of Panama capture monkeys.

"Almost all the pet monkeys in this country," said he, "come from Gorgona, a small village half way on the line of the Panama railroad. The inhabitants are mostly native negroes, for no white man could live in the village a month unless he drank whisky and took quinine constantly. The surrounding country is swampy and covered with a dense mass of luxuriant vegetation. At nightfall a thick miasma rises from the ground and hangs over the forests like a cloud. This place is the monkeys' paradise. They travel through the forests in troops, going wherever the king monkey leads. When the natives have been apprised of the presence of a troop they go about warily to capture them. Their plan is a simple one. A hole is cut in the shell of a cocoanut just large enough to admit a monkey's uncloaked paw. The cocoanut is scooped out and a lump of sugar placed in the hollow. A string is then attached to this novel trap and the negroes conceal themselves until the monkeys pass by. Curiosity is one of the chief characteristics of these little creatures, and when they spy the cocoanut lying upon the ground they come down from the trees and proceed to inspect it carefully. The lump of sugar does not long escape their notice and one of them thrusts a paw through the aperture to grasp it. With the lump of sugar clasped in his hand, he finds it impossible to withdraw it, nor will his greedy nature allow him to abandon his prize. The negroes have no difficulty in drawing him nearer and nearer to their ambush, the whole troop scampering madly about him, chattering and gesticulating as only monkeys can. When they have arrived within easy reach, a large net is thrown out and they are made prisoners. Twenty or thirty are often captured at one haul. The natives sell them to the employes of the Panama railroad, who in turn dispose of them in the American market. —N. Y. Mail and Express.

### ADVICE TO WIVES.

How They Can Make Their Husbands' Lives Pleasant and Agreeable.

Remember that your father was also a man and be charitable. Love your husband's mother. Remember she is older than you are and will probably die first if you can't do this you had better marry an orphan.

Don't be ashamed of being "only a woman." If you were a man he would never have married you. Let your husband have the last word once in awhile. It will give him confidence in himself and may even make a man of him some day.

Try and forget yourself once in awhile when you are talking to your husband. He probably forgets you quickly enough when you are out of town on a visit.

Don't continually talk about yourself when speaking to your husband. Remember that a bore is one who talks about herself when her husband wants to talk about himself.

Let your husband read the paper at the breakfast table if he wants to. It will prevent his making ill-natured remarks about the coffee grounds and heavy biscuits.

Don't be unreasonable, that is as reasonable as you can be. It will give you a reputation for originality, which may be very valuable if you ever want to enter a museum.

Let him know he knows more than you do once in awhile. This is especially advisable about the time you want a neat hat. It is always easy to undecieve him when the bills come in.

Remember that your cook is a woman, too, and if she wants to entertain her guests in the parlor, be generous. There is no telling when the rage for wealth may strike you and you want to be a cook yourself.

Be a companion to your husband. Call at his office for him every afternoon and go with him to his club in the evening. Most men love devotion. If this is persisted in for any length of time he will send you to the seashore in the summer if he has to mortgage his dress suit to pay the bill. —N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Russian peasant who drove the sledge of Napoleon I from Moscow to the German frontier during the disastrous retreat of the French has just died, at the age of ninety-four, in a small Bavarian village. Among his possessions were found some gold pieces of forty francs, given him by the Emperor, and with which he never parted. —New York Sun.

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### A MODEL ORATION.

Patriotic Sentiments Forebly Expressed by the Secretary of the Interior.

The oration by Mr. Lamar on the unveiling of the monument to Calhoun recently was worthy of the orator. Mr. Calhoun is known to most Americans only as the great champion of State sovereignty and a teacher of the doctrines that led to the war of secession. He was much more and else than that, but his connection with the conviction of the righteousness and excellence of slavery, sustained for years in the Senate with unflinching courage and remarkable ability, made it unavoidable that his eulogist should dwell upon this feature of his career and upon the ideas by which that career was guided. Mr. Lamar did this with entire candor and, though with avowed sympathy with Calhoun, in a spirit of unqualified loyalty to the Union. There could be no more striking and conclusive proof of the completeness of the establishment of the Union than the manner in which Mr. Lamar, himself a former Secessionist of the extreme type, disposed of the causes of secession and of its absolute final and perpetual defeat. It is enough to point out that Mr. Lamar finds that secession was doomed by the force of national evolution, by the fact that the permanent needs and tendencies of the "one people" that declared its independence of Great Britain in 1776 were indefinitely stronger than the needs and tendencies of the South that sought satisfaction in separation.

The speech of Mr. Lamar was, therefore, while a review of a most conspicuous figure in the past, a speech for the present and the future. It put aside, in a eulogy of the greatest of State sovereigns and before an audience of his devoted admirers, the chief aim of that leader's career, the chief of his avowed principles, as something buried and the tomb sealed, and turned with hopeful spirit toward the lesson of the leader's life for his countrymen to-day. This Mr. Lamar found in Calhoun's fidelity to conscience, in his high standard of virtue in public life, in his unselfish patriotism, and particularly in his conviction of the public service as a public trust. He pointed out Mr. Calhoun's vigorous exposure and pointed denunciation of the application of the spoils system to the Federal service, and with peculiar emphasis his scathing criticism of the plea that the spoils system could be justly applied by one Administration in retaliation for its application by a preceding Administration.

On this point the words of Calhoun might well be quoted as bearing directly upon the situation to-day. He was replying to Henry who had formerly sharply condemned the spoils principle, and pledged the Administration to resist it: "The avowal of such a principle may be justified at this time by interested partisans, but a more impartial tribunal will regard it in a far different light, and pronounce that sentence which violated faith and broken pledges deserve."

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### SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS.

What the Democratic Party Has Done for the Working Classes.

Yes; the friend of English working-men is the flippant commentary of the evening monopoly organ on the declaration of the *Patriot* that the Democratic party in Pennsylvania and in the country at large is and always has been the party of the working-men. Let us see about that.

Who enacted the three-hundred-dollar exemption law? The Democratic party.

Who repealed the law authorizing imprisonment for debt? The Democratic party.

Who placed upon the statute book the mechanic's lien law? The Democratic party.

Who passed the first Homestead bill in Congress? The Democratic party.

Who passed the act of Congress prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who passed the act of Congress enforcing by severe penalties the act prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who is enforcing the act prohibiting the importation of foreign laborers under contract? The Democratic party.

Who enacted the laws making it a criminal conspiracy for working-men to persuade fellow working-men from accepting low wages? The Republican party.

Who enacted the law limiting damages for the loss of life by a railroad employee to \$3,000? The Republican party.

Who voted away hundreds of millions of acres of the public lands to railroad corporations? The Republican party.

Who recovered for the use of the people many millions of acres of the lands donated to railroad corporations by the Republican party?

Who aims to repeal the taxes that oppress the working-men? The Democratic party.